



BEFORE ASKING FRIENDS TO POSE IN THE GROUP TO BE TAKEN AFTER THE CEREMONY, IT WOULD BE AS WELL TO MAKE KNOWN THE EXACT SCOPE OF THE CAMERA. THE DOTTED LINES SHOW THE AMOUNT OF THE GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE PRESENT CASE.

A LAUNDRY PROBLEM.

O LAUNDRESS—though a cold machine
Of bloodless I.H.P.,*
You still are, as you long have been,
All woman unto me—

I greet you, not with empty cheer
Or words of hollow praise,
But seeking, after many a year,
The purpose of your ways.

I ask not why you always fall
On everything that's new
And damage it beyond recall;
For, though of course you do,

It is an old and classic wrong;
And howsoever they weep,
Men learn to suffer and be strong
And buy their linen cheap.

Nor is it that you love to ram
The starch in every part
That should be softer than a lamb,
Not harder than your heart;

Nor why the names we deftly mark
Should rouse a fearful hate
That seems to make the whole world
dark,
Till you obliterate.

These mysteries, and many more,
Though maddening, are trite;
The world has sought them oft before,
Yet never found the light.

But there is one thing still more
strange,

A graver, deeper care
That thrills my soul, whene'er I
"change,"

With ever-new despair.

* Indicated Horse Power.

On this I muse, O silent one,
Till I am nigh to drop :—
When all your dreadful task is done,
Why do you go and button every-
thing up to the very top?

DUM-DUM.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumours of impending further attacks on land are being taken seriously. A forest in Wales has started moving.

A Park Lane correspondent writes to draw attention to the constantly increasing price of necessities. The price of caviare, he points out, is now to be increased 30 per cent.

The Pleasure Grounds Committee of Dover Corporation has refused permission for Sunday cricket and lawn tennis and golf. To show, however, that the authorities are not kill-joys, Sunday drinking is still to be allowed.

The Local Government Board has ordered the deletion of a clause in the bathing by-laws drafted by the Brighton Town Council prohibiting persons standing within thirty yards of the ladies' stations. We understand that this is the result of a petition from a number of ladies, who drew the attention of the Board to the expense they had been at in the matter of their costumes.

Our wintry summer! Last week a visitor landed an enormous half-pair of skates at Penzance.

According to *Men's Wear*, neckties

made of cork are to be the latest form of adornment for men. Will the ladies, we wonder, take to wearing life-belts in order to be in the picture?

Because, in his opinion, work would spoil his clothes, a tramp refused to perform his task at the Marlborough Workhouse. The magistrates before whom he was brought humoured the fellow. They gave him fourteen days' hard labour, but the Government supplied him with a special suit for the purpose.

"CHEAP MOTORS: A START."

The Express.

That, of course, is the difficulty—to get them to start.

Professor F. KEEBLE says that it is possible to make flowers drunk. We have noticed this ourselves. We have often come across flowers unable to stand up straight without assistance.

And whales, we are told, have moustaches, which they use for finding food. In this respect they approach near to human beings. Watch a man with a handsome moustache finding thick soup.

A section of the road at Rocky Ford, Colorado, has been successfully paved with beet sugar syrup. Biting the dust at Rocky Ford is not nearly so bad as it sounds.

The demands of the Suffragists increase. A lady was heard asking the other day for two seats for *Everywoman*.

THE CHRISTENING.

I AM going to marry a person called Gloria; not immediately, of course; just some time or other.

I can't think how I came to be engaged to a person with that sort of name. When I asked Gloria, she said it was a very good name, just as if she had chosen it herself; and anyhow that didn't answer my question.

The fact is, I fear that Gloria, even with unfettered liberty of choice, has no true feeling for names.

This you will see plainly when I tell you about the cottage, or more accurately speaking (or writing) The Cottage.

We don't know yet whether it's built or not; but it's somewhere on a moor by a sea; standing in its own grounds of five rods, poles or perches; lit throughout by candles, and thatched to a depth of about three feet—hot in summer, cold in winter—or it may be the opposite, I never was much of a thermodynamic. It is four miles from the nearest house, and ten from a fire-station; but we have a telephone in case the candles set the thatch ablaze.

When Gloria had finished the cottage and put in the telephone, she said,

"What shall we call it?"

It didn't seem to me to matter much; but I felt it was time for me to show some independence, so I took a strong line, and said,

"Anything except 'The Laburnums.'"

"Ah!" said Gloria, "that's the very name I was thinking of. Never mind, though. What about 'The Lawn'?"

"That's the same as 'The Laburnums,'" I said hastily, "and so is 'The Cedars,' and 'Fairholme,' and 'Mont Repos,' and 'Hill View.' I really believe, Gloria, for two two's you'd call it 'The Ingle.'"

"But there *will* be a lawn," said Gloria.

"I'm glad of that," I said; "I always felt that a lawn would be most genteel. But you see if we had a lawn any fool could see what it was; and if we hadn't they'd either think us liars or come nosing round into the back-yard to look for it. Why, they'd be knocking us up at all hours to ask about it. We'd never get any sleep."

Gloria considered.

"Well," she said, "what would you call it?"

"I think," I said, "I should call it '1.' You've got to consider the post-man. Numbers are so much easier for the poor man."

"Don't be absurd," said Gloria.

"It would be much *more* absurd," I said, "if we called it 273 A."

"But I want a name," said Gloria; "it won't have any individuality without a name."

"Suppose," I suggested brilliantly, "we call it 'The Submerged Tenth'?" You see, income £500, rent £50—"

"If you imagine," interrupted Gloria, "we're going to pay £50 a year for a cottage, you'd better start looking for one with a gold roof and Venetian glass windows."

"There aren't many going," I said dubiously. "So few Americans have taken English shootings these last few seasons we can't expect a moor cottage to have *every* modern convenience. Still, I'll ring up Harrod's and ask."

"No, you won't," said Gloria; "we're going to call it 'The Cottage.'"

"Look here, Gloria," I said seriously, "you don't appear to realise for a moment what's in a name. When you name a house you're supposed to be instructing and edifying the traveller, not telling him what he could have seen with his eyes shut. When I see a red-brick semi-detached called 'The Oaks,' it suggests things. I immediately look for an oak fence, or peer through the pantry window to see if they've got oak butter-tweezers."

"Rubbish," said Gloria; "they don't tweeze butter, anyhow."

"Not now," I said, "but it used to be *the* thing to do with butter. My grandfather was once champion boy butter-tweezer of Northumberland."

"At all events," said Gloria, "I'm going to have a straightforward name; and 'The Cottage' is good enough for me."

"Well," I said, after reflection, "you may call it 'The Cottage' if you add something to make it plain to the public that the title does not claim either to amuse or to instruct—is, in fact, a mere label. Otherwise we'd simply be wasting its time."

"There won't be any public," said Gloria; "but you can do what you like so long as you call it 'The Cottage.'"

"Very well," I said finally; "it shall be called 'The Cottage, As It Obviously Is.'"

So that is where we are; and now, if you ever chance to strike a building of that name, you'll know how it happened; and we'll be delighted to give you a cup of tea on the lawn.

Cock Robin.

Who killed Midlothian?

"I," said the Master,

"With my Brown plaster,
I killed Midlothian."

A TELELULLABY.

[“Mrs. — was at a whist drive at Steubenville, Ohio, when she received a telephone message from her nurse that the baby had been crying for an hour. . . . Soon afterwards the guests were surprised to hear Mrs. — singing a lullaby into the transmitter. Telephone lullabies are now becoming quite common at this resort.”

Daily Express.]

Oh, hush thee, my babe, from thy wailing desist,

Thy mother is busy whist-driving, so whist!

But, if thou must still raise a piteous moan,

She'll sing thee a lullaby over the 'phone.

Secure in thy cradle, what hast thou to fear?

Just keep the receiver pressed close to thy ear,

And when thou art wafted to Hushaby Land

Then mother can go and continue the hand.

Small cause for thy tears or thy infantile dumps,

For mother is holding a fistful of trumps;

Her score is colossal, and, sweet—art thou there?—

Of all that she wins she will give thee a share.

Nay, try to forget there's a pain in thy tum,

And hark to the wires, how they buzz and they hum;

For thee are they making that music—hello!—

And baby shall have it wherever I go.

Sweet slumber attend thee, with visions of bliss;

In token I send thee this telephone kiss.

Weep not, then, my angel, but smother that cough;

They're calling for momma; so, baby, ring off.

“Passengers on the Wemyss Bay, Millport, and Rothesay runs experienced the full force of the gale, and reports from most of the coast resorts indicated the unpleasant nature of many of the voyagers.”—*Glasgow Herald*.

Probably they would improve on a second acquaintance. One is never at one's best when not feeling well.

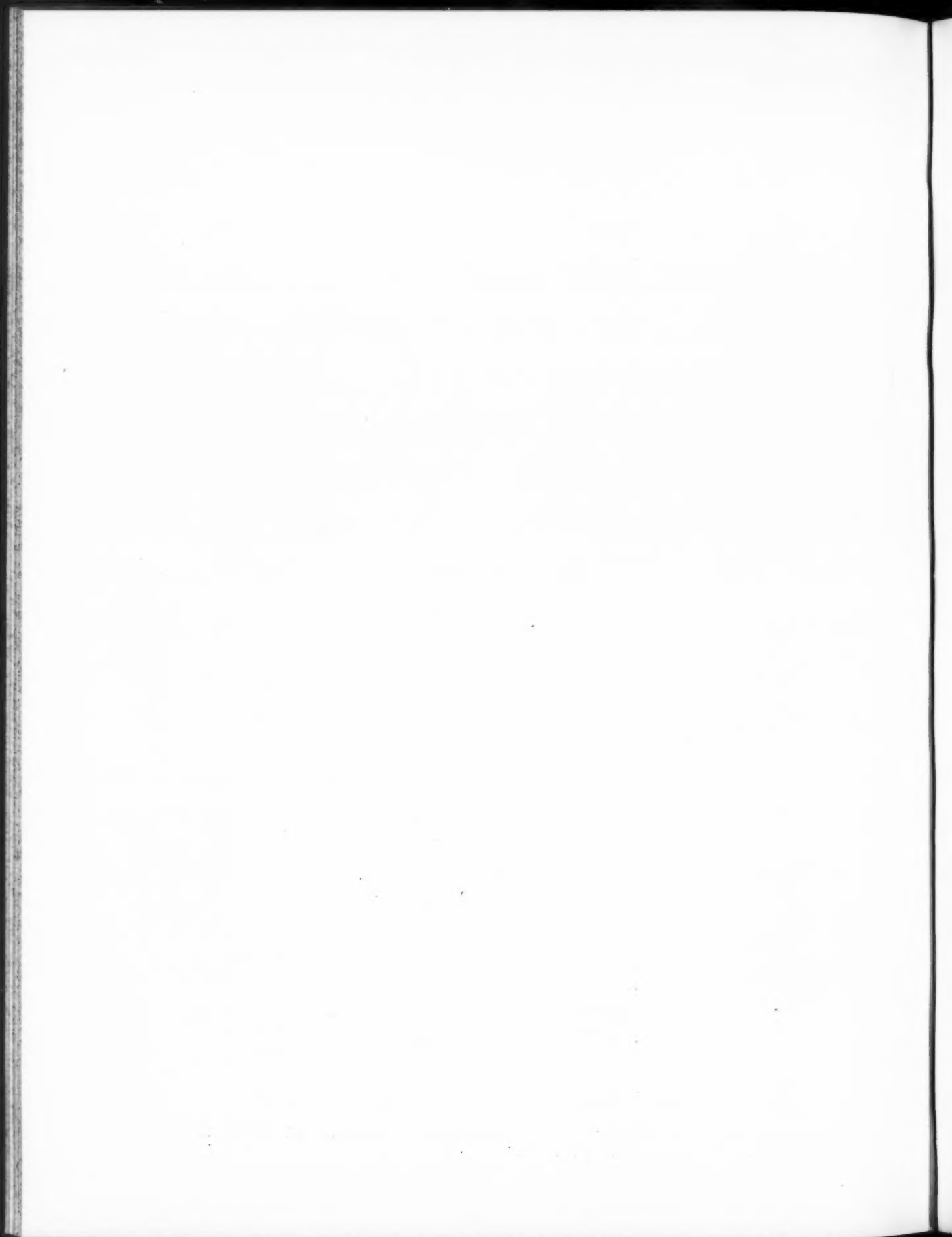
“Five beautiful coloured plates, from water-colours of 1817-1818, Turner's lost period.”
Evening Standard.

When asked about these years TURNER used to say casually that he supposed they were somewhere in his studio, but privately he always regretted his carelessness in mislaying them.



THE CREATION OF ENTHUSIASM.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "I THINK PROFESSOR SCHÄFER MUST HAVE BEEN MIS-INFORMED. I SEE NO SIGNS OF LIFE."





MORE FREEDOM!

WE HAVE BEFORE US A TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION PAMPHLET WHICH THREATENS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, "TO PLACE A CHILD IN AN ATMOSPHERE WHERE THERE ARE NO RESTRAINTS, WHERE HE CAN MOVE FREELY ABOUT IN THE SCHOOLROOM, WHERE THE TEACHER IS ESSENTIALLY A PASSIVE AGENT AND WHERE THERE IS NO PUNISHMENT."

OUR HYBRID HISTRIONS.

["Not many know, by the way, that Mr. Granville Barker has Italian, Scottish, and Portuguese blood in his veins. His grandfather was the distinguished Italian physician, Bozzi—and thereby hangs a tale."]

So runs a notable paragraph in last week's *Observer*, and the comment is all too true. "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and we forget in our exclusiveness that some of our bravest and best citizens derive from races less markedly septentrional in their habitats. Thus CHIRGWIN openly boasts of his descent from the Bantu race, and Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT, in a memorable letter to *The Undertakers' Gazette*, has traced his passion for *pompes funèbres* to the fact that his ancestors hailed from Halicarnassus, where the famous monument to MAUSOLUS originally stood.

Again it is not generally known that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER has a strong dash of Macedonian blood in his veins, being, as his name implies, a collateral descendant of the famous monarch and conqueror. In spite of the lapse of so many centuries some of the most prominent characteristics of the great actor recall those of his illustrious ancestor. Thus we read in PLUTARCH

of the "liquid and melting" expression of his eyes and the leonine way in which his hair stood up on his forehead. But the most remarkable resemblance between the two heroes is in the fact that the warrior, like the histrion, shaved clean. Thereby hangs a tale. For it is recorded that CALLISTHENES the philosopher, who accompanied ALEXANDER THE GREAT on his campaigns, was put to death for saying that a man without a beard was seldom greatly feared. It is pleasant to think that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER would never resent criticism in this arbitrary fashion.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, few journalists are aware, traces his descent from no fewer than fourteen different nationalities, the most important being the Pelasgian, the Patagonian, the Swiss and the Basque. Sir HERBERT is proudest of the Swiss strain in his blood, nor is that to be wondered at in view of the fact that it was his ancestor, Tell Lulliet, the famous yodler, in whose orchard was grown the apple as history erroneously has it (it was in reality a pear) which WILLIAM TELL shot from off the head of his son! This fruit, which curiously resembles a jargonelle, is one of Sir HERBERT's choicest

treasures, and it is needless to say that he is absolutely unconvinced by the comparative mythologists who have sought to discredit the TELL legend and to throw doubts on that hero's existence.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY, on the other hand, derives from nearer home, each component of Great Britain having a share in his corpuscles. Of Irish blood, however, he is careful to point out at all times, both in conversation and in letters to the Press, he has not a drop, nor does he care in any way to be associated with things Irish, even if they are works of genius.

"Ilkley will shortly be provided with a winter garden. . . . The contractors are under agreement to have the place finished by May 1."—*Yorkshire Post*.

Just in time for the five months' cold snap.

"The resonants M and N are formed by sending the current of air through the nose, the lips being closed in the case of M, and applied to the palate to pronounce N."

Hygiene for Teachers.

We want very much to be able to pronounce N, but so far have failed to apply the lips to the palate, and feel rather hopeless.

SYLVIA'S PRESENT.

I NOTICED when we strolled into the café that Sylvia's eyes had an unusual sparkle, and I mentioned the fact to Edward as we secured our customary table. Edward told me not to talk rot: which is characteristic of the man.

No sooner were we seated than Sylvia came up in her winsome way and handed me a menu together with a ravishing smile. I studied them both very carefully while she and Edward exchanged greetings.

"Chop for me, please," I said. "Edward will have a steak, of course. He's no originality, Sylvia."

I glanced at her again and felt certain she was looking a little unusual.

"You're exceptionally nice to-day, Sylvia; what is it?" I asked.

She blushed. I looked at Edward triumphantly.

"Engaged," he said.

Sylvia smiled (and Sylvia smiling is a sight for the gods).

"Good guess. I'm going to be married very soon."

I clutched at a piece of bread; Edward knocked his knee against the table leg.

"When?" we asked.

"Next week if I may, please."

"I cancel the chop," I said very firmly. "I refuse to eat."

Sylvia laughed adorably and went to place our orders.

"Jove!" exclaimed Edward, "what an idea!"

"Not at all," I said; "people get married every day, and Sylvia's an exceptionally attractive girl."

Edward looked annoyed.

"I mean I've got an idea," he explained — "you needn't laugh." He paused impressively. "We must give Sylvia a present."

"Not so loud," I whispered.

"You know," he continued, "Sylvia's waited on us jolly well for two years; and she's wonderfully pretty."

"She's pretty," I agreed, "and of course I've nothing serious against the girl: but there was that episode of the tough steaks, you may remember."

"That wasn't Sylvia's fault."

"Possibly not; but I had fearful indigestion for days afterwards."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

"I don't suggest —" I began, when Sylvia appeared, preceded by a chop. "Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," I said.

Edward looked surprised; he is no diplomat.

"I don't suggest anything," I repeated when Sylvia was out of hearing. "I leave that to you."

"What do you think of knives and forks and things?"

"Absurd—so tactless. Why, it's thrusting the poor girl's profession down her throat."

Sylvia made a timely approach with the steak.

She inspected us closely.

"You both look quite serious," she remarked.

"Sylvia," I said, "who is this person you're going to tie yourself to?"

Sylvia put an extra sparkle into her eyes.

"I shan't tell you just yet," she said.

A bell rang rather angrily close by and she hurried away.

"Now," said Edward, "you think of something. It must be something useful, you know. She's probably

of us again. I waved it aside and got up quickly from the table.

"No sweets," I said; "after your announcement I couldn't look at them. Henceforth, Edward and I eat for the sole purpose of keeping alive. Farewell."

I hurried out of the café and led the way to the establishment of one Smith an ironmonger.

"We must get the things at once," I said; "I have it direct from the market that door-mats are on the boom. We can make the presentation on Monday. Come along."

We had a heavy afternoon.

On the Monday morning, with the aid of a taxi, we arrived at the café well in advance of the general public.

Our entrance was magnificent. Edward

led the way, and his mat accounted for a couple of glasses and a plate. I followed with the scraper; it came into collision with more than one chair, and by the time we reached our table the beastly thing was completely out of hand. I sat on it. Sylvia came up.

She gazed at the door-mat with obvious astonishment.

"Good gracious," she cried, "what have you got there?"

Edward looked at me; it had been arranged that I should deliver a little address suitable to the occasion.

I spread the notes of my speech on the table and cleared my throat.

Sylvia didn't appear to catch the meaning of it all until I came to the last recital: "And whereas a marriage is shortly intended to be solemnised between the said Sylvia and the said A. B——"

"Oh," she cried, "how perfectly sweet of you both! I'm sure Lancelot will be delighted with the presents." For no apparent reason she laughed gently.

Edward looked mystified. He told me afterwards that he thought Lancelot was an unusual name for a joiner.

"Lancelot. Who is the man?" he

inquired; "what does he do?" Sylvia laughed again. "I'm afraid he doesn't do anything."

"It's no laughing matter," I groaned.

"Sylvia, you're not going to marry one of the unemployed. You're far too nice. Besides, he'd be sure to forget to use the scraper."

"Or the mat," Edward added hastily.

"Has he any money, or are you going to support the rotter?"

"He's plenty of money," she gurgled gently. "And he doesn't do anything because he's an—an Earl!"

As Edward afterwards remarked, we might have managed a Knight or even a Baronet; but an Earl!



*The Optimist (stung by a wasp, through his tears).
"WELL, IT'S A TOUCH OF SUMMER, AT LAST."*

marrying a respectable joiner, and they won't be well off."

There was a dead silence for five minutes. Suddenly the idea came to me.

"You want something respectable for a useful joiner. Very well, then, what better than a boot-scraper? No dirty carpets, no mud-stained mantelpieces; the chair-cover a dead-letter."

"Not enough," he said; "hadn't we better include a door-mat?"

"We might; but she's sure to get several door-mats. Anyone can think of a door-mat. But a scraper, Edward, a scraper; at least it's original."

"A scraper and a door-mat or nothing," he insisted.

I hate arguing, it always gives me a pain in the head, and Sylvia was coming back just then, so I conceded the door-mat.

Sylvia flourished the menu in front



MOMENTS OF FAILURE IN OTHERWISE BRILLIANT CAREERS.

THE CHOICEST EFFORTS OF THE GREAT COMEDIAN FALL FLAT.

THE PRINCE OF FINANCE GETS THE WORST OF A BUSINESS DEAL.

DEDUCTIVE EVIDENCE.

The Daily Mail's Paris correspondent reports as follows:—

"An aged parrot put to flight yesterday three burglars who broke into a house in the Rue de Suez. As they entered the house they were startled by a voice saying, 'Who goes there?' Immediately they took to their heels and fled. When the owner of the house returned he found the parrot still proudly repeating, 'Who goes there?'"

Some equally well-attested marvels have come to our knowledge:—

ASTOUNDING INTELLIGENCE OF A FIRE-BUCKET.

Dooley's Theatre narrowly escaped destruction by fire last night. Nothing would have been known of the prevented calamity but for the discovery this morning of the fact that a fire-bucket in the vestibule had wrenched out the fastening that held it to the wall and had overturned with all its contents on to the Turkey carpet. It is thus clear that some careless person had thrown down a half-spent match in the vestibule, and that the watchful vigilance of the fire-bucket had averted a serious catastrophe.

AMAZING ALTRUISM OF A BLACK-BEETLE.

On the 16th inst. a young man, in an advanced state of alcoholic delirium, rushed down the stairs of his lodgings, with the intention of hurling himself into the Thames. But in the entrance hall,

a black-beetle, perceiving no other way of frustrating the rash youth's wicked design, deliberately got under his foot, causing him to slip and fall. All night he lay with his head comfortably pillowed on the doormat, and, awakening in chastened mood, went forthwith and signed the pledge. The facts of the case are beyond dispute, because the remnants of the heroic beetle were found on the hall linoleum. They have been gathered together and conveyed to the South Kensington Museum.

LINER LYRICS.

IV.—THE QUARTER-MASTER.

TATTOOED and tanned, you reek of tar
And suck an ancient pipe;
All scarred and gnarled and seamed,
you are
The proper pirate type;
And whensoe'er you come on deck
The children love to linger
And scan the dragons on your neck,
The amputated finger.

You should have been a buccaneer,
A man of ribald mirth,
A hint of gold about your ear,
Of pistols at your girth,
Marooned mid isles of shale and
shells,

Where time is told by notches—
But, as it is, you ring the bells
And keep a deal of watches.

Maybe you think that life is stale,
That modern times are dull,
That privateers no longer sail
Beneath the bones and skull,
That nowadays no smugglers brag
Of beaches nice and handy,
Whereon a crew may run their swag
Of dutiable brandy.

But you are wrong, my friend; you take
A pessimistic view;
For still ferocious blackguards slake
Their thirst for derring-do;
Braver than once, your smuggler rows
His kegs o'er sunlit reaches,
While pirates have the cheek to pose
On panoramic beaches.

Then why should Fortune clip the wings
Of one whose instinct soars
Above the world of trivial things
His pirate soul abhors?
Nay, quarter-master, snap your thumb
At one who mocks you, dupe her,
Give up the Service and become
A bioscopic "super." J.M.S.

"Mr. George Renwick, late member for Newcastle, had a car running from Hartlepool to Morpeth, a local doctor from Morpeth to Berwick, and Mr. Naylor Leyland from Berwick to Edinburgh."—*Standard*.

We picture to ourselves Mr. NAYLOR LEYLAND in running shorts touching his hat and saying to Mr. RENWICK, "Anything for Edinburgh this morning, Sir?"

THE NEW TOY.

"WHAT's that you're carrying?" said Francesca suspiciously.

"It looks," I said, "like a parcel done up in brown paper and tied with cord. It's something hard—a box, I think. Yes, I'm sure it's a box."

"A box? What's in it?"

"I haven't looked yet. It might be bulbs or chocolates."

"And it might be eggs or cabbages."

"Yes," I murmured doubtfully, "it *might*, of course, be eggs or cabbages."

"Is it addressed to me?" said Francesca sternly. She is often quite stern about trivial things.

"No, I think not. At least, it didn't seem to be a minute ago. But perhaps it has altered itself. It *ought* to have been addressed to you; but there—you can look at the label yourself—it isn't. Most inconsiderate, I call it. I shall certainly write to the people and complain. They ought—"

"But is it something for me?"

"How can I tell until I've looked inside it? I'm hoping all the time it's going to be for you, but people do sometimes make mistakes and send me things—trousers, you know, and braces, and shooting-boots, and collars and things of that kind. I've struggled against it, but it's quite useless."

"If," said Francesca, "it's something you've bought for yourself it's certain to be a piece of ridiculous extravagance."

"You'll be sorry for that, Francesca."

"I'll take my chance of that. Anyhow, let's undo the absurd thing."

"Hush, Francesca. This may be something very sensitive. Do not use rash and wounding words even about unknown objects. I knew a man once—"

"So did I, and he was six foot six high and broad in proportion, and he had a red beard, and his eyes were green, and when he looked at you you wanted to fall down and worship him."

"Oh, but that's not the man I knew. Mine was only five feet five and pigeon-breasted and clean-shaved, and his eyes were grey, and when he looked at you you generally kicked him. A most peculiar man. His name was—"

"Give me the pen-knife," said Francesca.

She cut the cord and rapidly undid the paper.

"There," I said, "I told you it was a box, and it is a box. What do you say now?"

"You get more wonderful every day. Let's see what's inside it."

"Fatal curiosity! That's how ministers of police always get blown up. Pause, Francesca. Well, if you won't it's not my fault."

I pressed up two catches and lifted the box off its base.

"Why, you dear stupid old thing," said Francesca, "it's a typewriter! And at your age, too!"

"Come, Francesca, it's not my fault. I didn't ask you to open it. You brought this on yourself, you know."

"But you'll never, never be able to learn it. Your fingers are much too stiff."

"My fingers will have to submit. Do you think I'm going to let a little thing like a finger stand in my way? Besides, I've tried it at the shop. I've written the whole alphabet in quotation marks, and all the punctuation marks, and I know where to find the thumb-pawl."

"The *what*?" said Francesca.

"The thumb-pawl. That shiny thing, sticking up. And I've made friends with the spacer and the platen and the knurl and the swinging bail. Let me show you"—I inserted a sheet of paper and rolled it into position—"There,

now it's ready. Just think, Francesca, of all the wonders in that machine. There's a novel, a problem-play, a book of essays, a volume of poems—"

"All typed with the thumb-pawl."

"A defence of revealed religion, a pamphlet on Free Trade, notes for a speech on foreign policy. With this, Francesca, we can rule the world."

"Let's write a sentence first," said Francesca, preparing to seat herself in front of the machine.

"No, you don't, Francesca," I said. "Nothing of the sort," and with a deft movement I inserted myself in the chair. "Some day," I continued, "you shall be allowed to play with it, but not now. You can watch me while I click it—or, stay, you can dictate to me out of that book—any page will do—and then you shall see what you shall see. Are you ready?"

Francesca knows when the moment for submission has come. She took up the book and began to read:—

"My poor son-in-law has suffered so much in health," she read. I looked for the letter "M" carefully. It had vanished.

"What are you waiting for?" said Francesca.

"Francesca," I said, "I will not deceive you. Your words have made me think. We have no sons-in-law now, but some day we may have three. Of what sort will they be? Will they respect us and shall we like them, or will they talk of us casually as 'my in-laws'? Will they help to minister to our old age, or will they—?" At this moment I found the "M" and pressed it hastily. It made a beautiful click. "If you will look at the paper, Francesca," I said proudly, "you will find that I have made a good beginning."

"You've made nothing of the sort," she said. "You've made a small 'm' instead of a capital."

"I did it," I said, "to prove you, and you have come nobly out of the test. We will now make a space and begin again."

Everything now went swimmingly. In five minutes I had managed to get to the end of the word "son."

"Francesca, dear," I said, "this is weary work for you."

"Oh, no," she said, "not weary. Tedious, perhaps, but not weary. Come, make the hyphen between 'son' and 'in.'"

"The hyphen?" I said. "Is it right, do you think, to make hyphens?"

"It's printed here with hyphens, and I insist on having them."

"Well, have it your own way. The hyphen is— Ah, here's the little beggar underneath the letter 'G' on the same disc," and down it went.

At last I struck the "h" at the end of "health," and paused. "We will now," I said, "pull the paper out and see what we've accomplished. See how easily it is released. Now let us—no, I don't think it would be fair to you. It is too well done; you will be discouraged. I will preserve this in my pocket-book."

But Francesca was too quick for me. She seized the paper and looked at it. Then she smiled grimly. It had come out like this:—

"m My porsonginglaw hassuffedssomuchin dealth."

"It was a bad sentence to start with," I urged. "These intimate details of family misfortune unman the boldest typists. Now leave me to myself so that I may practise."

"A gentleman who is famed for his hospitality, particularly to sportsmen who follow the craft of Sir Isaac Newton."

Cork Examiner.

After a good day's apple-watching, sportsmen are very ready for hospitality.



NO, HE IS NOT A CELEBRITY, REALLY; BUT HE IS THE ONLY PERSON IN OUR HOTEL AT WORLD'S END WHO HAS A LONDON PAPER.

TERRIBLE RESTAURANT OUTRAGE.

FAMOUS WRITER'S NOBLE PROTEST.

MR. FILSON YOUNG, writing in a recent number of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, utters a poignant cry of protest against a grave public scandal.

"Yesterday," writes Mr. FILSON YOUNG, in his usual impressive italics, "lunching in the Carlton grill-room was a party of four, which included a child about five years old." It is painful to learn that this intrusive infant "did not really like the admirable but unsuitable food provided for him," and, after giving further distressing details, Mr. FILSON YOUNG observes that "the sight of a child in such a place strikes one as an impropriety; and rightly so. To take a child to the Carlton is inconsiderate both to other people and to him."

We append a selection from the letters elicited by Mr. FILSON YOUNG's dignified and memorable protest:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I can fully sympathize with Mr. FILSON YOUNG in his manly protest against the abominable selfishness of bringing children to expensive restaurants, as I myself have been victimized in precisely the same way. Only last week I was dining at

the Fitz when, to my disgust, I saw a child of not more than ten at an adjoining table. I was engaged on some turtle soup at the moment, but the shock to my moral sense was so great that I actually swallowed a piece of green fat without thinking—a thing I have never done before. What, I ask, is England coming to when such things are tolerated? People talk about the iniquity of the Insurance Act, but this strikes at the root of our social system and destroys the amenity of restaurant life, which makes us what we are.

I am, Yours indignantly,
PHILIP GORGERY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I trust you will back for all you are worth Mr. FILSON YOUNG's splendid denunciation of the decadent practice of bringing children to first-class restaurants. Nothing is more lamentable at the present day than the disregard of adults by their juniors. The respect and consideration due to age seem to be things of the past. Only the other day, when travelling to Vienna in the *train de luxe*, I found myself quite unable to concentrate my attention on a financial article owing to the chatter of an overdressed child—English, I regret to say. If children must go to restaurants, let them at least have the decency to avoid those in which nobody can spend less

than thirty shillings on a meal without loss of self-respect.

Yours faithfully,
"MAXIMA DEBETUR SENIBUS
REVERENTIA."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Mr. FILSON YOUNG as usual hits the right nail on the head. It is a desecration of the fine art of gastronomy to allow its votaries to be disturbed by the presence of children, who are wholly incapable of appreciating its higher mysteries. If he errs at all it is in the gentleness of his rebuke. He speaks of the inconsiderateness shown to their elders. I call it downright cruelty. Personally I can never eat caviare, ortolans, or even *pêche Melba* in the company of persons of less than eighteen years of age. I would as soon discuss theology with a chimpanzee.

Yours faithfully,
THEODORE GASTER.

"NEW SEASON'S RED PLUM NOW READY.

PREPARED FROM SEVILLE ORANGES AND
FINEST SUGAR ONLY."

Advt. in "*The Star*."

There seems to be something missing in the recipe, though for the moment we cannot think what it is.



Weary Tommy. "AN UNEDUCATED BLIGHTER THE BLOKE WHAT CALLED THIS SALISBURY PLAIN."

THE UMBRABELLA.

It was after this wettest of all recorded "Camps" that Fragonet spoke to me about his umbrabella. He is not of those who delight in discussing the number of Territorial Batteries requisite to kill one German scout—nor how many Yeomen must bestride a single charger into action. Details such as these, by every British precedent, are settled after Peace is declared. It is the triumph of experience over theory. It has made us what we are. It will make us what we shall be.

But, for the comfort of the lads behind the counter—the lads who make the charges and, if I may say so, the counter-charges—he is most earnestly concerned. "Why," says he, "should these gallant fellows—England's third hope—be subjected to an inconvenience which a few hundred thousand pounds would totally remove?"

Inspired by such thoughts he took it upon himself to write to the Secretary of State for the War Department and offer him at very moderate rates (as such things go) an invention of his own for ensuring blue skies and a blazing sun during the Annual Camp.

"Nothing," he points out to him (on page 17), "can exceed the discomfort experienced by troops under canvas in such weather as we now absorb. Will you condemn the protégés of your predecessor to plod squelchily home, day by day, through the streaming rain when a word (and a cheque) from you would ensure their being as dry as the proverbial Scotsman?"

This invention of Fragonet's is simplicity itself. It consists of the upper-works of an umbrella. In place of the conventional "stick" there is a short steel spike which fits into the muzzle of the rifle.

It is an undisputed scientific fact that if one goes out with an umbrella it never rains. The effect on the weather of—let us say—the London Scottish marching out of camp with their thousand kilts a-swinging and their thousand umbrabellas raised towards the heavens would be irresistible. A month's drought at least would follow. The sun would blaze all day and, very possibly, all night. The Territorial would sing blithely on the march and the farmer in the cornfield.

When not in use the umbrabella is sheathed alongside the bayonet in an elastic scabbard.

Nor is this all. The convex surface, which is coloured green, bears upon it a life-size portrait of the profile of a sheep. By way of rank badges and further to enhance the deception, the umbrabellas carried by officers will have one or more sheep-dogs painted on them.

Think what superlative "cover" it would be! Brigade after brigade, bleating plaintively, could advance to the firing line and pour their volleys into the unsuspecting foe. Victory is ours. Mars smiles down on us in war and Phœbus beams on us in peace!

Never again, says Fragonet, need such an Annual Training as this last one be endured. Let the Government beware how it refuses to provide protection for its citizen soldiers. A General Election is coming. Let it, he says, beware lest these dripping and neglected "Terriers" change their name to "Torials."

Sometimes I wonder if Fragonet is as mad (or as sane, for that matter) as he pretends to be.

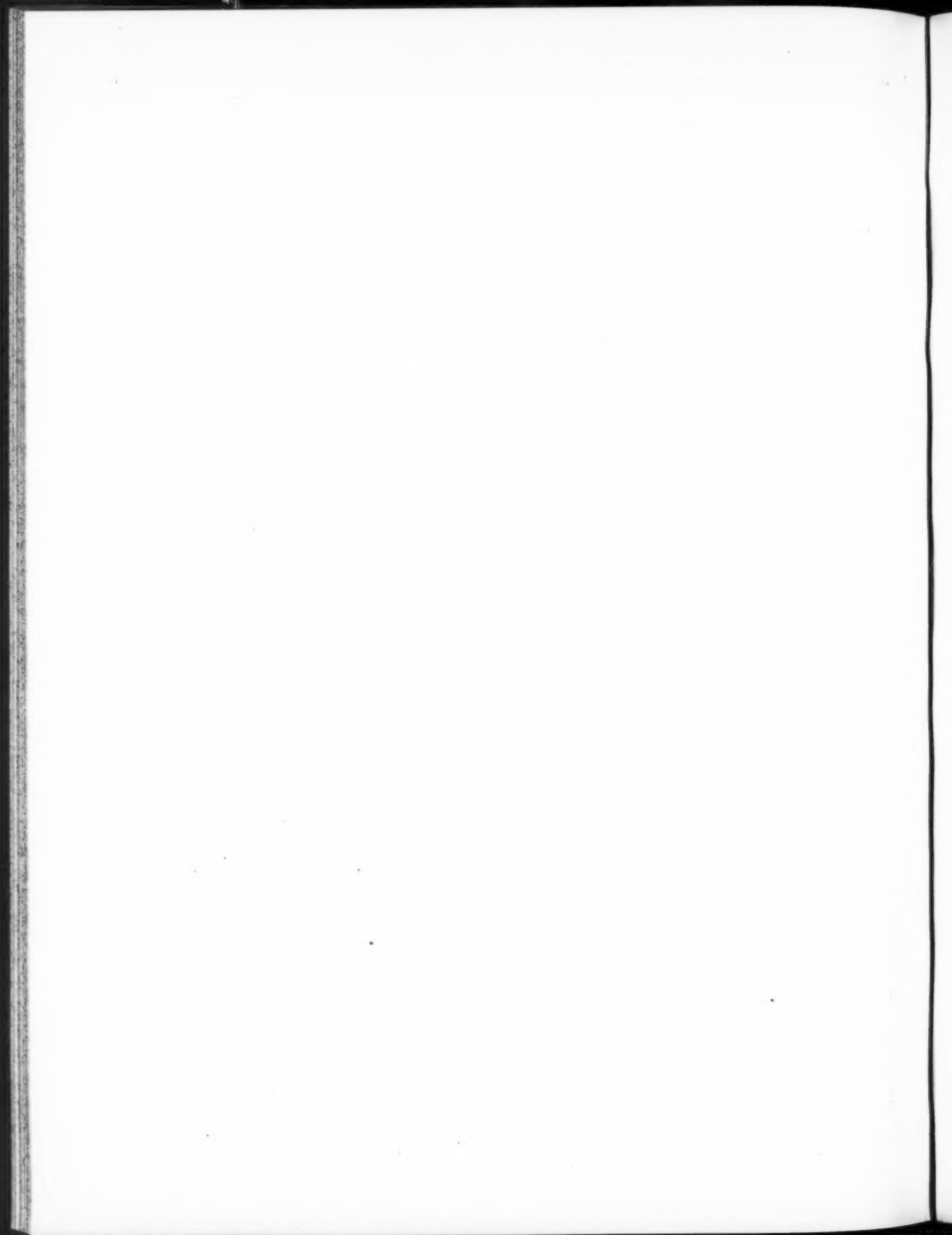
"Braid on Evening Trousers," says a headline in a contemporary, and reminds us of the complementary work, "Taylor on Golf."

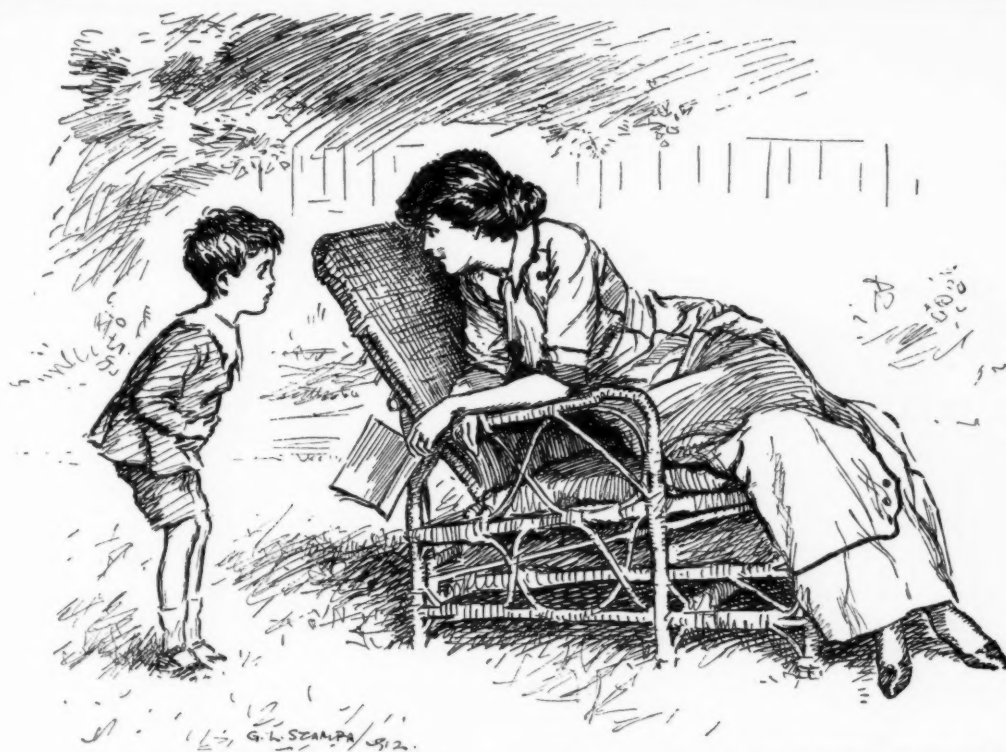


"THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN."

DR. ASQUITH, "VERY IRREGULAR: SEEMS TO ME A BIT OVER-LABOURED."

DR. BONAR LAW, "NONSENSE! SOUND AS A BELL."





"HAS YOUR PAIN GONE NOW, DARLING?"

"I CAN FEEL PIECES OF IT WHEN I GO LIKE THIS."

AT THE PLAY.

"ART AND OPPORTUNITY."

One is familiar enough with the kind of comedy that starts as a comedy and then, half-way through, the finer humour gives out and somebody squirts a soda-siphon and somebody else trips over the door-mat just to keep things going, and the last Act is carried through on a hurricane of buffoonery. Well, this is not quite what happened with Mr. HAROLD CHAPIN'S "comedy" at the Prince of Wales's. Physically, though the *Third Duke of Keels* had his restive moments, the players kept themselves under reasonable control; it was the motives of their actions, or at least those of the chief figure, that degenerated into a sort of intellectual farce.

Mrs. Cheverelle, widow and adventuress, has secured the affections of Algernon de Gossamore, callow youth and son of the heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Keels. In a First Act full of pleasant comedy we see her disarming the parent's opposition by her transparent candour. She is of the jelly-fish order, her very transparency serving, like a protective colouring, to render her true character invisible. It is her sinister design to throw over the

son in favour of the father, thus saving one of the intermediary steps to fortune. In the Second Act, to the natural indignation of the youth (it almost always shatters a son's piety to be cut out by his father in an affair of the heart), she makes this transilient move. Meanwhile, to the Duke, who had commissioned his very businesslike private secretary to buy her off, her upward progress threatens danger. Is he not the climax? What is to prevent her from leaping at one fell bound to the top of the ladder, disregarding all the lower rungs?

The ducal eye is under her fascination. He is her rabbit and she his boa-constrictor. But the author is determined at all costs to be anything but obvious. As in the best detective stories, where the crime is ultimately traced to the very last person you ever thought of, so here the gay widow falls finally into the arms of the most improbable of all the male cast—the private secretary, with whom she has hitherto not exchanged one civil word.

If the author was determined to have this dénouement, I venture to suggest that he might have got at it by a more exhilarating process. The lady should have demanded from the secretary a fabulous sum as the price

of her dismissal, and married him on the proceeds. Wasn't there a notorious precedent for something like this in the best circles?

But the author had his own views, and preferred to bring about his results by an elaborate feat of casuistry which imposed upon nobody; and in the end the adventuress makes nothing by it. By the other scheme she would have secured the one thing she was out for—namely a fortune, for she doesn't seem to have worried much about the title. But, as it is, she gains nothing; for there was never any pretence that she had made the one slip that the cleverest adventuresses sometimes make, and actually fallen in love with an ineligible.

The fact is that Mrs. Cheverelle is a little too clever for herself, and far too clever for her audience; and this is true of a good deal of the play. I am confident that if the author would only put himself in the position of his audience—infants crying for the light—he would soon learn to temper the obscurity of his dark sayings, and make things easier for us. He was best when most intelligible, as in certain wise apophthegms, such as Lady O'Hoyle's remark—"It is generally allowed that the laws of nature only apply to men"; or this—"Two things

a woman likes to see: Woman triumphant and Woman floored"—though here he might have made the proper distinction that what a woman likes to see is the triumph of her sex and the discomfiture of the individual representative of it.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST's popularity was a warrant of triumph. The audience might not understand all the things



THE DAWN OF REASONED AFFECTION.

Mrs. Cheverelle (Miss MARIE TEMPEST) to Henry Bently (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR). "Let's go over my conduct step by step and see what we've been up to."

she said, or why she said them, but they knew it must be all right so long as she said them in her own inimitable way. But I don't quite know how we should have fared without Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE's Duke. It was a really humorous sketch, both on the political side and on the social, and had the further merit of being thoroughly understandable. His final burst of gratitude to his secretary for having rescued him from the widow's clutches saved a very improbable situation and sent a puzzled audience away on good terms with its own intelligence. Mr. BREON was all that you could want of ingenuous youth and long plastered hair, and Mr. FRANCE as his father was very sound indeed in the First Act. Mr. TREVOR, as the secretary, said his words briskly, but never gave us any clue to the widow's reason for being attracted to him. Finally, Miss KATE SEIGEANTSON, as Lady O'Hoyle, aunt of the Duke and guardian of the Gossamore blood, spoke always with a

delightfully emphatic clarity, being the one person on the stage of whom you could confidently predict that she would always know her own mind and take care that everybody else knew it.

There is a phrase that someone uses about something in the play: "A little involved but still interesting"; and this is a fair description of the author's work. If only he will make his motives as clear as his dialogue, at its best, is brilliant, he should travel far.

"EVERYWOMAN."

It is not really the story of Everywoman, nor yet of Everyotherwoman; indeed I hope it is not even the story of Everyhundredthwoman. You might as well describe HOGARTH's "Rake's Progress" as the history of Everyman. The Drury Lane version of the career of a typical woman is in no sense typical, except of Drury Lane, and not always of that.

My second trouble is concerned with the incongruity of this mixture of the phraseology of the Middle Ages with a setting of modern realism. And the costumes only added to the medley, running riot as they did through all sorts of confounded periods. Most of the personifications of Virtues and Vices were in present-day dress: but *Passion* was a Georgian highwayman; *Flattery* might have stepped out of *The School for Scandal*; *Love* wore the garb of a mediæval apprentice. Thirdly, one never knew where one was with these allegorical figures. For the most part they represented permanent abstractions, as in the case of *Truth*. But *Beauty* was only a temporary

abstraction, attached for the time being to one particular woman, and dying half-way through the play. Yet, if we may believe KEATS, Truth and Beauty are identical, and if the one is eternal then so is the other.

Their actions, too, and the sequence of them, were often strangely illogical. Thus it is not till after she has yielded to *Passion* that *Everywoman* is deserted by *Modesty*, and it is then that she calls in *Conscience* to comfort her, at the very moment when you would have expected this excellent Quality to



Mr. H. B. IRVING (as Nobody). "I don't think much of my part; but who knows? it may be a stepping-stone to the Christmas Pantomime."

come forward with implements of torture. *Beauty*, again, perishes long before *Youth*. Yet, if I have any acquaintance, by report, with the arts of almost Every Woman, it is generally the other way about. Then there was *Passion*, who was represented as deceiving the lady under the mask of *Love*. Yet she knew his real name, for his label was perfectly clear; and so there was not the faintest excuse for mistaking his identity.

Comparisons, inevitably suggested, between *Everywoman* and *The Nun* were all in favour of Dr. REINHARDT's pageant. The lurid career that was conceivable in the one case was purely arbitrary in the other. Her cloistral seclusion naturally encouraged in *The Nun* a passionate curiosity to see something of *Love* and the colour of *Life*; and it was as an unprotected female that she adventured into the outside world. But *Everywoman* was brought up in the domestic comfort of a well-appointed home, with a large mirror and a nice conservatory; with



"SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

King Love... .. Mr. ION SWINLEY.
Passion Mr. WILFRED DOUGHTITT.

Modesty to companion her; with a perfectly respectable *King Love* living next door, and *Truth*, his mother, ready to chaperon her at any time.

In the matter of artistic design and unity it would, of course, be ludicrous to compare the two productions, and there was also an incalculable advantage enjoyed by *The Nun* in being a pageant without words. For, though a true poet in the person of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS had been called in to tinker up the original of *Everywoman*, he must have found some of it past repair, for, to be frank, the amended libretto was not very great stuff.

Still, with the bizarre material at his command Mr. COLLINS made an admirable show; and the performance of Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, of whom one hardly suspected so much versatility or so earnest a sincerity, was a real triumph. Of the rest, the best of the figures was perhaps that of Miss COLLINGE as *Youth*, a very sympathetic study. Miss GLADYS COOPER was well-chosen for the part of *Beauty*, and Miss WINTER for that of *Modesty*. As *Passion*, Mr. DOUTHITT sang his dreadful drawing-room lines with a fine resonance, though he shattered tradition by not being a tenor. Miss KATE RORKE as *Truth*, an antique who was ultimately restored as good as new, did a very sound piece of work; and Mr. FRED LEWIS, as a bloated millionaire, conquered many difficulties.

Finally, my sympathies go out to Mr. H. B. IRVING, whose business it was, as a kind of chorus, to throw off from time to time a lot of dull doggerel, only relieved by an incredibly frequent iteration of the same little joke upon his name of *Nobody*. With the assistance of some bilious-green limelight he bore it with an extraordinary and heroic composure.

Artistically, and for the purposes of an allegory, the first scene was the best; for the background, the costumes and the scheme of movement were largely decorative and avoided actuality. Of the realistic scenes the one of which most was expected—Piccadilly Circus—was disappointing. It never suggested the original. A single practicable electric brougham (the rest were fixed in two dimensions) was inadequate to represent the maelstrom of traffic in this congested locality; and the chief merit of the scene was the miraculous rapidity with which it gave place to the exterior of a church, with snow-storm. On the other hand, "The Stage of a Theatre" was a very remarkable and daring exposure of the sordid secrets of life behind the foot-lights of what I took to be Drury Lane itself.

It was significant, by the way, that



Solicitor (endeavouring to discover client's legal status). "BUT, MADAM, HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU HEARD FROM YOUR HUSBAND?"

Client. "WELL, YER SEE, 'E LEFT ME THE DAY 'E WAS MARRIED, AND TRUTH IS I 'AINT 'EARD NOTHIN' OF 'IM SINCE, NOR WANTED; LEASTWAYS, I DID 'EAR CASUAL-LIKE THAT 'E WERE DEAD, BUT IT MAY BE ONLY 'IS FUN."

though this was a Morality concerned with the modern career of Every Woman there was no reference to the Suffragist movement; so I am half afraid that Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST will not run over from Paris to see it.

I should be ungrateful if I did not end on a note of compliment to actors, scene-painters and management for a spectacle which held the audience riveted. And if curiosity was perhaps their dominant emotion, and this may mean that some of them (possibly including myself) will forgo the edification of a second visit, I am at least very glad to have seen it once. O. S.

From a Baboo letter of application:

"I am a young, of about 22 years of age. My size is 5 feet and 9 inches; long enough to join the Military Department. My breast involves about 33 inches."

More Secret Remedies.

"To improve the health try the following: Half fill a two-pound jam-pot with whiting, and procure a penny block of tinted dye and a penny paint-brush. Dissolve the tint in a basin with about half a pint of boiling water, stir with a stick, then add to the whiting gradually."—*Hereford Times*.

It doesn't sound as if it would improve the whiting's health, but that cannot be helped. We have sent to the fishmonger and the oilman for the ingredients, and propose to try it on our cold to-night.

Commercial Candour.

"What a customer says: 'I am so thoroughly pleased with your laundry work; my things are beginning to get a nice colour.'"

Advt. in "Madame."

"North-westerly winds, gale locally; showers and fair intervals; sold."—*Cork Constitution*.
Not at all; we expected it.

NEWS FROM THE BOURSE.

MY HUMILIATION.

It may be true that some men are born great; but it is absolutely true—no doubt whatever—that some men are born never to be able to sell anything. I am chief of them. To buy, yes; but to sell?—that is another matter. How is this? Why is it that the two gifts, although united in certain of us, are so utterly distinct in others?

I will give you an example. Suppose that I want a dog. It matters very little what kind of a dog; but a dog. I ask advice and find that there is no dog so popular as a bob-tailed sheep-dog—blue, old English and so forth. "Get a good one," says the counsellor, and—this is all supposition, of course—I do so. There is no difficulty, not the least. The world is suddenly full of people with the best bob-tailed sheep-dogs to sell. I select a breeder, write to him, choose a particularly promising pup and send a cheque for him. How much? Five guineas, let us say. Nothing is easier than this. I am on my own ground: I am buying.

Suppose next that after a couple of years, during which time the dog has been trained to work with the flock, I want to sell him for any reason. He is too big, too clumsy, he breaks too many flowers, he eats too much money; or say that the shepherd who has trained him has left the neighbourhood and did not need him any more and the dog moped when not in his company.

Say what you like: the point is that he has to go; that the time is ripe for me to become a seller—what then? You would fancy that, the fashion in dogs not having changed in the interval, sheep-dogs were still marketable. Perhaps they are; but not mine. He cost five guineas, I said, when a pup. He is now trained and tried: surely he is worth eight? I advertise him at that and get no replies. I advertise again at six and get no replies. He has a pedigree, we will assume, a yard long. I advertise him at four and get no replies. I offer him to his original breeder, recalling the circumstances of the purchase, but he answers that he cannot trace the transaction and does not want to purchase, anyway. I advertise him at three guineas and receive two replies—both from shepherds, poor men, as they are careful to point out—offering one pound if he satisfies on trial. I offer to send him—both are, of course, living a long way off and the fare and trouble would cost five shillings, and neither replies again.

Then I advertise no more, but put the news about in the neighbourhood

that a sheep-dog is for sale, and still I get no replies. I ask my friends if they want a dog, and all say No, except one man, who would not mind one as a gift. The end of it is that the dog remains on my hands and continues to do damage and mope and eat money. Meanwhile the breeder from whom I bought him is selling sheep-dogs all day long, and *The Exchange and Mart* is full of traffic in sheep-dogs. And mine is as good as any of them, and probably a good deal cheaper, but he will be on my hands for ever. And all because it is my destiny not to be able to sell—only to buy.

I took a sheep-dog as an example because it is apt. But there are other things as striking. I can take a house with any man; but can I let it? No. I can buy shares; but can I sell them at anything but a loss? No. I buy old books and their value instantly drops. I buy water-colours and no one but myself has the faintest desire to possess them. And all the time I am meeting men whose sole activity in life is to pick up this and that bargain and reap fifty per cent. on it. So diversified we are; so many of us are there to make up this little world.

THE BOOM IN PARLIAMENTS.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S scheme of Federal Home Rule, under which the country would possess ten or a dozen parliaments, has not been allowed to pass unnoticed.

Already a hot discussion is raging in Lancashire as to the most suitable centre for the parliament house for that county. While there are numbers who feel that Manchester should be the honoured city, the people of Wigan feel very strongly that Wigan should be the seat of government. As for Yorkshire, the Mayor of Scarborough has not delayed to press the claims of that resort, pointing out most justly that the town affords excellent boating and bathing, with bands, pierrots and other attractions.

Something like consternation reigns in Burslem and its neighbouring towns at the suggestion that the Midlands should possess a parliament of its own. At a street corner the other evening, a group of five or six determined-looking townsmen was heard to state in unison, "Burslem will fight, and Burslem will be right," and this is but the beginning of a movement that is bound to spread like wild-fire. Already certain of the local political associations have purchased iron dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and other implements will be secured if necessary. An advertisement in a Staffordshire evening newspaper for

eighteen to twenty competent drill-sergeants able to keep a secret tells its own tale. "Convention" and "covenant" are two of the most popular words in the Five Towns, and there is an enormously increased sale of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S books, into which ardent students are delving for full information about the revolutionary methods of the French.

A well-known firm of building contractors, in conjunction with one of our most enterprising architects, has been at work night and day in getting out designs and estimates for a useful and inexpensive type of parliament house. In a few days the results of their labours will be placed before the authorities, and quotations for single buildings, or per dozen, will be submitted.

We should like to add that, for real bargains in maces and Speakers' wigs, there is little to choose between Gambridge's and Selfage's.

HONEY MEADOW.

HERE, Betsey, where the sainfoin blows Pink and the grass more thickly grows,

Where small brown bees are winging
To clamber up the stooping flowers,
We'll share the sweet and sunny hours
Made murmurous with their singing.

Dear, it requires no small address

In such a billowy floweriness

For you, so young, to sally;

Yet would you still out-stay the sun

And linger when his light was done

Along the haunted valley.

O small brown fingers, clutched to seize

The biggest blooms, don't spill the bees;

Imagine what contempt he

Would meet who ventured to arrive

Home, of an evening, at the hive

With both his pockets empty!

Moreover, if you steal their share,

The bees become too poor to spare

Their sweets nor part with any

Honey at tea-time; so for you

What were for them a cell too few

Would be a sell too many!

Or, what were worse for you and me,

They might admire the industry

So thoughtlessly paraded,

And, tired of their brown queen, maintain

That no one needed Betsey-Jane

As urgently as they did.

So would you taste in some far clime

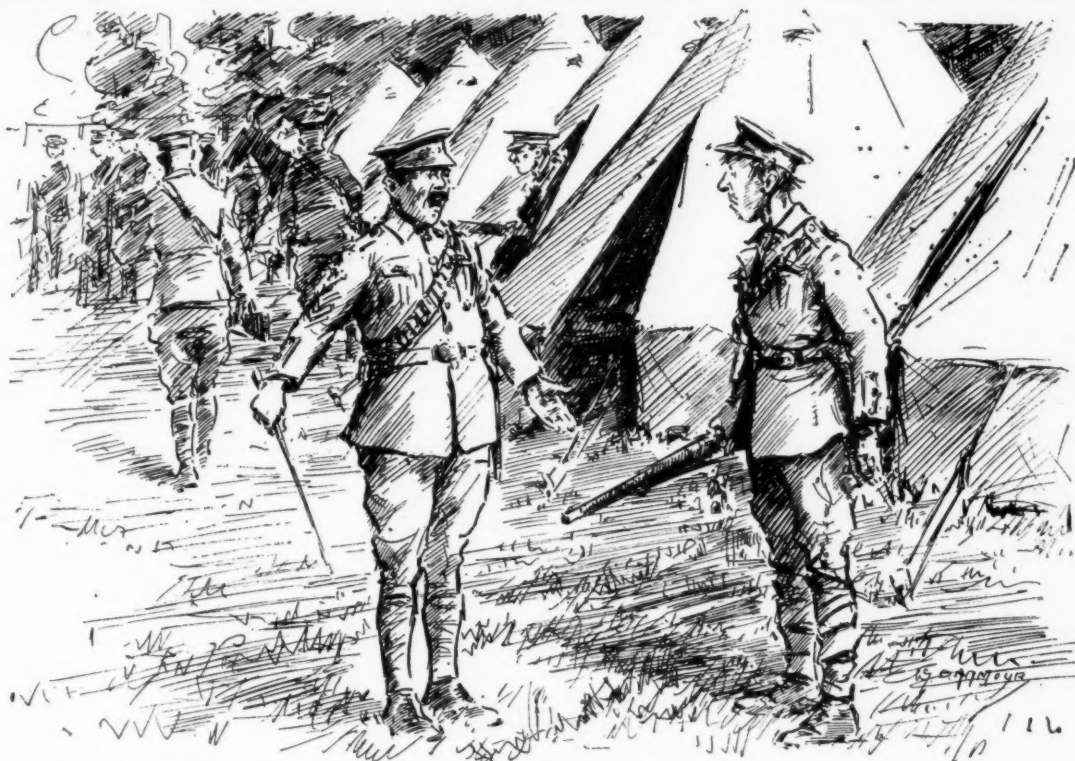
The plunder of eternal thyme

And you would quite forget us,

Our cottage and these English trees,

When you were Queen of Honey Bees

At Hybla or Hymettus.



Irish Sergeant (on a Monday morning). "Is ut goin' on parade ye are that ways? If ye're like that Monday mornin' phwat the devil will ye be like Saturday night?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ACTUALLY, for the first four or five chapters of *Lamorna* (METHUEN), I thought it was going to prove that hitherto undiscovered thing, a novel by Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK in which my interest would fail to be wholly absorbed. Of course I was all wrong. From the moment when *Lamorna* and *Pansy* started for the Continent, and the story contrived to shake itself free of some earlier hesitations, it had me captive. Not, I feel bound to tell you, that it is altogether a happy or pleasant story; quite the contrary. Most of it concerns the very real and grim trouble into which silly *Pansy* contrives to plunge herself (and *Lamorna*) by conduct a good deal worse than foolish. There are also a couple of thorough-paced blackguards, the one who takes advantage of *Pansy's* infatuation, and the other (to my mind a little less credible) who would use his knowledge of it to blackmail her friend into marriage. You will see from this that you are not going to find Mrs. SIDGWICK in a comedy mood; and if, with me, you admire her most in that mood, you will be sorry. But she has written nothing more absorbing; to the last page I was in a state of trembling doubt as to how it would all end. Also her people, with the exceptions indicated, are just the same sensible, level-headed human beings whom she draws so convincingly. I shudder, for example, to suppose what the conventional novel-heroine would have done in such a situation as confronted *Lamorna*, when the cad *Wigan* threatened to expose her friend unless *Lamorna* married him. Being the creation of Mrs. SIDGWICK, she went straight to the nice man she was engaged to, and, having

talked the matter over with him, agreed to do nothing. If only more authors wrote like that!

We have all, for many a long year, been inciting Mr. E. F. BENSON to sit down, take time and write his masterpiece; and now he has gone and done it. Whether or not Mrs. Ames (HODDER AND STROUTON) is a great book (and I am not so sure it isn't, if only I had the courage to say so) it is certainly worthy of himself at his best. There is a merciful absence of duchesses and ultra-smart folk; the persons concerned are a very ordinary set in a provincial backwater, who stand on their merits as individual characters and trade on no illusory attraction of birth or "the movement" by which to recommend themselves to the reader. If one's interest is intrigued by them, and indeed it is, the credit is the author's alone. His theme is the monotony of provincial life; but this is no bloodless sketch of the dull existence of dull people. Their very dullness reacts upon themselves and inevitably produces an engrossing story without the adventitious aid of any improbable or even momentous incident. Even the tendencies to elope or cry "Votes for women!" bear no signs of having been forced in order to tickle respectively the romantic or the topical sense, but follow in natural sequence. Mrs. Ames, the lady herself, makes a pitifully obvious and futile attempt to regain her first youth. I congratulate Mr. BENSON most heartily on having regained his without any apparent effort.

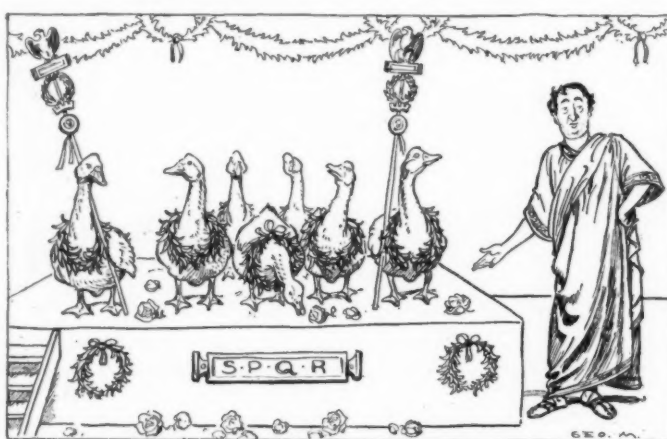
Contemporaneously with her introduction to the British stage (but then, of course, these little coincidences will happen!) there reaches me a slender volume called, *New*

Chronicles of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (HODDER AND STOUT). It is published at a shilling, and I fancy there must be many admirers of Miss KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN quite ready to pay more than that for the renewed society of her best-known heroine. Not that *Rebecca*, manifold as are her excellences, is a young lady for all tastes. Personally, I believe that in real life she would have bored me crazy. I hate to say it, but in all her chronicles there is to me an uneasy suggestion of the angel-child, with limelight and appropriate music, that simply ruins my enjoyment. This is perhaps unfair, as *Rebecca* is by no means unduly virtuous and certainly does not die in the last chapter. Still, there it is—I can't believe in her. But those who can will certainly welcome a volume that has all the qualities of its predecessor. I fancy it is more particularly what would be called "the story of the play," as many of the chronicles—that concerning the Simpson wedding-ring and others—I recognise as forming part of *Rebecca's* stage traffic at the Globe Theatre. Very possibly there the art of a winsome and clever little lady may invest them with a personal fascination that (for me at least) they lack on the printed page. In that case the success of the book is assured beforehand, and my humble appreciation can be dispensed with.

Those clever persons, C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, must, I am quite sure, have had some moments of pure enjoyment in the composition of their latest story, *The Heather Moon* (METHUEN). To create the brother and sister, *Basil* and *Aline*, to make them the joint authors of popular motor-novels, and incidentally the foiled villains of this particular tale, must have been for the versatile originals of the caricature the greatest possible fun. Even their personal appearance is mildly burlesqued, and the photographs that, taken together, "were considered by publishers to help the sale of their books." This is all the most excellent and disarming play; and, if only for the sake of it, I wish I could add that the story it adorns is equal to others that I have enjoyed from the same pens. Honestly, I don't quite think this. The characters seem affected by that uncertainty of line which is characteristic of moonlight effects. *Barrie*, the young girl who is taken over Scotland in a touring-car; *Somerled*, her host and lover; the actress-mother, of whom she is in search, are all a little shadowy. Moreover, the necessity of changing, in various parts, from the third to the first person produces (if I may fall naturally into an appropriate metaphor) an alteration of gear which effects the even running of the plot with an awkward jar. And smooth-going is a characteristic that I have long learned to associate with the WILLIAMSON make of motor-story. But, though I confess to have been a little disappointed with the intrigue, about the setting, the little lightning sketches of places and scenery, there is certainly no diminution in skill. It was perhaps inevitable that this tale of a romantic party, journeying on the Border high-

roads, should remind me of an older favourite. There is much of the zest of BLACK's immortal *Phaeton* about these motor adventures. And this is high praise.

I don't know whether the influence of pictorial posters recommending boot polish and tooth powder and the like has anything to do with it, but there is a rapidly growing habit amongst publishers of supplying a portrait of a young woman with no name underneath her as a frontispiece to their novels. *The Rat-Trap*, written by "DANIEL WOODROFFE" and published by WERNER LAURIE, does this, and I am still in doubt as to whether the photograph at the beginning represents *Hoya*, the heroine, or somebody else. But I like to think it is somebody else. . . . *The Rat-Trap* is a tirade against the institution of marriage, and the argument is supported by two cases—(1) that of *Captain Macintyre*, whose wife develops homicidal mania and nearly puts out one of the gallant soldier's eyes, and (2) that of the mother of *Hoya*, who makes an unfortunate second match with a scoundrelly adventurer. *Captain Macintyre* and *Hoya* decide therefore to dispense with the obnoxious ceremony. Besides the excitements incidental to her theme the author throws in a shipwreck and a shooting affray in the West Indies; but, although there are some well-observed character-sketches and one clever conversation in the book, *The Rat-Trap* failed to grip me. I think there must be something wrong with the spring. It may be because "DANIEL WOODROFFE" has chosen such very extreme instances; but I am inclined to answer



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.

V.—THE GEESE THAT SAVED ROME DOING A STAR TURN AT THE COLISEUM.

her thesis epigrammatically with a single word—taken from the metaphor which she has herself employed in the title.

The Ruined Summer Again.

"The incomplected Yorkshire championship doubles will be played on Saturday, at 2.30, Semi-finals: E. Middleton and G. R. T. Taylor v. C. W. Wade and H. H. Priestley; and the swimmers v. E. and S. Watson in the final."—*Scarborough Evening News*.

If the Messrs. WATSON could swim too, the final must have been a great struggle.

"SENSATIONAL NEW YORK LBW SUIT."

Dundee Advertiser.

Our own lbw suit consists mainly of a couple of pads, which are always getting in the way.

"Mrs. — is a keen sportswoman, inheriting her late father's taste. On the day when this photograph was taken she secured a splendid dish of prawns."—*Gentleman*.

You should see us spearing whitebait by moonlight.

"He sang of the gilded courts of kings and the tears dripped unheeded from the listener's ears."—*The Story-Teller*.

Probably somebody noticed it, although too polite to say anything.